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POETRY

FROM LIFE

BY

C. M. K.

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TO THE LADY NOEL BYRON,

THE BELOVED AND HONOURED

FRIEND OF HER FAMILY,

These Poems

ARE,

BY PERMISSION,

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY C. M. K.

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LINES.

ALL in white—as the angels are,
With a bright calm face like an
evening ſtar;
And a voice as ſweet as a diſtant bell,
With its low deep thrill and its airy ſwell;
Full of the hopes and the dreams of youth,
In a world that gives promiſe of love and truth;
Be there never a ſhadow on heart or brow
To cloud the light that I ſee there now!

All in white—as the angels are,
To whom thy ſpirit hath flown afar;
With a calm pale face, on whoſe lips a ſmile
Lingers to comfort thy friends awhile.
The love of the world was not for thee,
But the Love that endures through Eternity.
Oh never a ſhadow ſhall cloud that brow,
For the light of Heav'n is upon it now!

TARS of my ſoul, ariſe! ariſe!
Come in your beauty, luſtrous eyes!
Beam from your pale and archèd
ſky,
The brow ſerene 'neath which ye lie;
Whilſt, like the clouds that deepen there,
Hang low the braids of dark brown hair.
The long fring'd lids, with downward ſweep
Invite the downy wing of ſleep;
And envious, hide thoſe orbs from ſight,
Whoſe ſetting turns my day to night.
But ſee! they quiver, they uncloſe,
And life intenſer in me grows:
Two ſtars are all I care to ſee,
And they are riſ'n and ſhine on me!

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

ITHIN Life's ſhady foreſt flow
Two Fountains, ſide by ſide ;
And all muſt drink, or ſoon or late,
Of their tranſparent tide.

The well of Truth is clear and deep,
And mirrors back the ſky ;
A rainbow arches Fancy's well,
Its tints her waters dye.

As huſk to kernel, each to each,
No art the link can ſever ;
But Fancy colours Truth, and Truth
In Fancy lies, for ever.
One hidden ſource thoſe fountains feeds,
Though two their ſtreams on earth ;
And each an earneſt errand bears,
Of various form and worth.

Happy the child who plenteous draughts
From Fancy's fountain ſips;
'Tis wealth of wiſdom in his heart,
And honey to his lips.
The Arts, that lovely ſiſter-band,
Here ſeek their richeſt treaſure;
They taſte awhile of Truth, but quaff
Of Fancy for their pleaſure.

The poet pours Truth's lucid flood
Into his cryſtal cup;
But Fancy paints the ſombre ſtream,
And froths it ſparkling up.
Love dreams away long ſunny days
Beſide her haunted ſprings;
Friendſhip and Memory thither come
To bathe their flagging wings.

But as man haſtens to his prime,
His love of Truth grows ſtronger;
He thirſts for deeper draughts, and leans
O'er Fancy's wave no longer.
Or if amidſt the toil of Life
He there beguiles an hour,
He ſighs to find its beauty gone—
The ſpell hath loſt its power.

Fair woman ſometimes graceful bends
Beſide the well of Truth;
But oft'ner dwells on Fancy's brink,
And there renews her youth.
Pale Science, like the Magi, bows
To Truth, as to a ſhrine;
For ever ſeeking in its gleams
Some key to things divine.

Age gazes on its dazzling face
With rapture ever new;
Truſting the future ſhall reveal
Its glories to his view:
Oft Truth will borrow Fancy's hues,
For human eye too bright;
And wear the veil, as Moſes did,
To hide exceſs of light.

We part from Fancy when we die,
Her glow to earth is given;
Truth ſprings beſide the throne of God,
Her very home is Heaven.
Hail! Fancy pure; Hail! purer Truth;
Both free from fleck of ſin;
But Fancy ſtays at Heaven's gate;
Truth only enters in!

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

IF thou couldſt chooſe thy lot in life,
Say what thy choice would be."—
And he who aſks is poor and proud,
And rich and fair is ſhe.

There burns a bluſh from cheek to brow,
And yet her eye is clear;
She ſpeaks in tones ſo firm and low,
He both muſt feel and hear.

" Oh never may my ſtation be
Among the high and great;
I know the emptineſs of wealth,
The wearineſs of ſtate.

" Far rather let it be my fate
To toil and ſtrive and riſe
With one for whom my life may be
One glad ſelf-ſacrifice.

" That ſo, when fortune ſmiles at laſt,
And he has won a name,
I, who have wreſtled at his ſide,
May triumph in his fame."

With beating heart he murmurs forth,
" Ah! ſuch a lot is mine."
She anſwers with a tearful ſmile,
" I know it. I am thine!"

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

SWEET lily! with the fragrant bells
So freſhly pure, ſo ſpotleſs white,
Drooping amid thy broad green leaves,
Once only fraught with calm delight;
Why doth a ſhadow from the paſt
A gloom upon thy beauty caſt?

There is a ſpot of ſacred ground
Where quiet reſts a noble head;
Where ſeldom echoes ſtir or ſound,
Save, when with ſlow and ſolemn tread,
A lonely mourner comes to weep,
Or ſome frail form is laid to ſleep.

'Twas in the fluſh of joyous Spring
We ſtood beſide his narrow cell,
And both were pilgrims from afar,
And both had loved him long and well.
"Yet happier thus," we ſaid, "for he
Doth face to face his Father ſee."

We ſilent pray'd a little ſpace,
  We took a lily drooping fair,
Embalm'd it with a lingering kiſs,
  And left it by the grating there.
Though *it* is dry and wither'd now,
'Tis dearer to my heart than *thou*.

And hence for me is ever writ
  A tale of mourning on thy leaf;
And hence the muſic of thy bells
  Hath for mine ear a tone of grief.
Ye flowers have many a ſpring in ſtore,
But ſpring will bring *him* back no more!

THE STAR AND THE LAKE.

MY heart lay calm and ſtill and deep,
As doth at eve a lake
On which no trembling moon-beams play,
No whiſpering ripples break.
To which no guardian eye is given,
Of all the glittering hoſts of heaven.

But as at length from its high place
Gleams out one brilliant ſtar,
And ſheds upon the lucid flood
A radiance from afar;
So on my lonely life did riſe
Thy angel-face, thy tender eyes.

The ſtar upon that happy lake
Shall ſet and riſe again
For ever and for evermore,
As ſeaſons wax and wane.
But ne'er again for me ſhall riſe
That viſion with the heavenly eyes!

SONG.

MORN! whoſe ſhadows evermore
Fly before the ſultry noon;
Brief as joyous youth thy reign,
Dries thy pearly dew too ſoon.
Golden prime and truſting heart
Promiſe fair, and then depart.

Eve! whoſe ſhadows evermore
Haſte to meet the gloom of night,
Like our age thou ſtealeſt on,
Slowly fades the world from ſight.
Yet to Night the ſtars are giv'n,
That our hopes may riſe to Heav'n.

BLUE EYES.

Song.

MAY not blue eyes be ſtars, my love?
Ah! ſuch were thine to me,
Ere wayward fancy turn'd to love,
Or fortune left me free.
Shine on!

I ſaw through them the ſoul within,
So gentle, truſtful, true;
It told of ſummer to my heart,
And kept the promiſe too.
Shine on!

Then whilſt they beam undimm'd and clear,
Though dark my path may be,
Some light will cheer my ſpirit yet,
There is a heav'n for me.
Shine on!

A PORTRAIT.

BLUE eyed, broad cheſted, careleſsly he ſtood
With ample brow, and lips that frankly ſmiled,
And cluſter'd locks, gold-tinted in the light,
Swept back impatiently with ſuch a hand
As loves the ſtrong warm claſp to give and take:
So look'd he, in his manly Saxon prime.
Eager to dare, yet ready to endure;
True to a friend, and generous to a foe;
High ſoul'd as honour; finely temper'd, ſure,
As ſteel that bends unbroken. Chivalrous
As ever knight to helpleſs woman proved;
Gentle and courteous, with the delicate mind
That ſees in each, uncomely though ſhe be,
The type of all that lovely is, and pure,
And yields her homage for his *mother's* ſake;
Such was he, in his manly Saxon prime.

THE NUN.

Song.

ROUND the altar huſh'd they ſtand,
The young, the gay, the great;
A glad, yet not a houſehold band,
In breathleſs awe they wait.
Low falls the ſnowy bridal veil,
White roſes wreathe her hair,
And beautiful is ſhe, though pale,
Where is the Bridegroom, where?

Not hers the roſy bluſh, that tells
How love its pledge fulfils;
No viſion of a happy home
Her ſwelling boſom thrills.
To One whoſe rule is not of earth,
Her youthful vows are given,
And rapt in deep devotion, ſtands
The virgin Bride of Heaven!

DIRGE.

ER brow is pale, but not with care ;
Her eyes are clof'd, but not for
ſleep ;
The perfect calm her features wear
For human reſt is all too deep.
Down droop the braids of golden hair,
A ſnow-white roſe is on her breaſt ;
Fit emblem of her blameleſs youth,
The flower ſhe lov'd on earth the beſt.

Tread ſoftly, though ſhe will not wake ;
Speak lowly, though ſhe cannot hear ;
It may be that her gentle ſoul
Is leaning from its higher ſphere,
As loth to wing its heavenward flight
Along the ſtarry paven track ;
And that the ſight of grief like ours
Might lure it to its fetters back !

SONG.

IN the foreſt green and leafy
Shadows blent with ſunbeams lie;
In the boughs the birds are ſinging,
Lightly trips a maiden by.
In her mind gay fancies throng,
And ſhe gives them voice in ſong.
Tra la la.

In the foreſt ſere and leafleſs
Dim the lights and ſhadows lie;
In the boughs no birds are ſinging,
Trips no maiden lightly by.
Yet that ſong I ſeem to hear,
Faintly echoing ſad and clear.
Tra la la.

LINES.

WOULD I were a ſtar,
To draw to Heav'n thy dark and earneſt eye,
Bidding thee think on Him, the Ever-nigh,
Who watcheth from afar.

I would I were a bird,
Warbling a ſtrain that made thee think of home,
Awakening all the hope of reſt to come
Breathed by that word.

I would I were a flower,
To cheer, with varied hues and ſweet perfume,
Thy times of ſuffering, and thy darken'd room,
One little hour.

I would I were a book,
Full of high thought and holy, ſo that thou,
When care or grief o'ercaſt thy gentle brow,
Therein wouldſt look.

I would I were thy friend,
To ſhow thee all the nameleſs charm that lies
In fond affection's daily ſympathies,
That have no end!

LIVING AND LOVING.

HAT do we live for, but to die?"
Oh! ſadly, truly ſpoken;
Who cannot tell of ſome fond tie
By death diſſolved and broken;
Some ſweet voice huſh'd, ſome light ſtep fled,
Some loved one number'd with the dead?

"What do we love for, but to loſe?"
Alas! that human flowers,
Though nurtured by affection's dews,
Should periſh from our bowers;
Leaving, by ſweet perfume alone,
Some traces of the beauty gone.

It muſt be ſo; too much the heart
Pours forth, of love and truſt;
Forgetting, till thoſe dreams depart,
Its idols are but duſt.
Only in that bright world above,
May friend meet friend, to *live and love.*

THE HIDDEN ROSE.

IT was a glorious ſummer's day,
The earth in ſun-light fainting lay,
In all the heaven's blue expanſe,
No cloud relieved the dazzled glance.
Slowly I ſought the darken'd room,
Where reign'd a huſh'd and ſultry gloom;
When, as upon the couch I lay,
To bright wing'd fancies giving way,
Methought a perfume faint and rare,
As of young roſe-leaves, floated there,
Which yet ſo ſpiritual did ſeem,
I held it portion of my dream:
Nor would I break the od'rous ſpell—
What if unreal! it pleaſed me well.
But when at length I turn'd to ſee
The *cauſe* of that ſweet myſtery,
Above my head, moſs-draperied,
A freſhly open'd roſe I ſpied,

From whoſe red lips the ſcented breath
Came faintly, as they pal'd in death.
Ay! beats no lowly loving heart
That does not of its wealth impart.
Fragrance alone from ſweetneſs flows;
Search—thou wilt ever find *the roſe*.

"IT IS A HAPPY WORLD."

I SAW her gathering flowers in early Spring,
Herſelf as graceful and as fair a thing;
Cool was the breeze, and all ſerene the ſkies,
And gladder ſtill her animated eyes.
"It is a happy world," ſhe ſaid, and ſmiled.

I ſaw her in a youthful company,
Singing a ſtrain of plaintive melody,
It changed to one more gay, and ſtill that voice
Won lips to ſmile deſpite the liſtener's choice.
"It is a happy world," ſhe ſaid, and ſmiled.

I ſaw her hiving knowledge day by day,
From deepeſt truths the doubt-miſts clear'd away,
And while the upward path ſhe humbly trod,
She loved a Father, and adored a God.
"It is a happy world," ſhe ſaid, and ſmiled.

I ſaw her leaning on the arm of one
To whom her heart had long been given alone ;
She plann'd an earneſt ſelf-denying life,
Whilſt he, approving, bleſt his gentle wife.
" It is a happy world," ſhe ſaid, and ſmiled.

I ſaw her widow'd, ſhe ſo late a bride ;
But faith and hope her grief had ſanctified :
" How ſhone the eye, when fail'd the trembling
breath,
How bright the mem'ry of that bed of death !—
It is a happy world," ſhe ſaid, and ſmiled.

I ſaw her, fading ſlowly day by day,
Firmly purſue each old familiar way.
" There muſt be ſtill ſome work for me to do,
Or long ere this I ſure had follow'd too :
It is a happy world," ſhe ſaid, and ſmiled.

I ſaw her on her couch exhauſted lie,
The peace of God lay ſhrin'd in that ſoft eye ;
No pain could cloud the light that ſhone within,
" Chriſt in His blood hath waſh'd away my ſin ;
It was a happy world," ſhe ſaid, and died.

I ſaw her rob'd in garments pure and white ;
Fair was the temple whence the ſoul took flight ;

Death on her brow a ſolemn calm had preſt,
Declaring, "She hath enter'd into reſt."
"It was a happy world to her," I ſigh'd.

I ſaw her grave, in death they are not parted,
She ſleeps by him who left her lonely-hearted;
Th' atteſting croſs its ſacred ſymbol rears,
And to thankſgivings turns the mourner's tears.
Sure 'tis a happy world, ſince it can be
The bud whoſe flower is Immortality!

A happy world! God's works about us lie
Full of Himſelf, to every thoughtful eye;
A happy world! vocal with ſound and ſong
To cheer our journey as we move along;
A happy world! for Science daily flings
Brighter revealings from her heavenly wings;
A happy world! ſince heart can anſwer heart,
And each to each high thoughts and aims impart;
A happy world! ſince faith's clear eye can ſee
Love in the call that ſets the ſpirit free;
A happy world! God's work may here be done,
How ſmall ſoe'er his ſphere, by every one;
A happy world! for Chriſtians, teachers ſtill,
May yet in patient ſuffering do His will;

A happy world! the look ſo ſtill and calm
Worn by our loved in death, is ſweeteſt balm;
A happy world! And oh! what is the grave?
'Tis but the laſt great victory to the brave;
The portal opening to the welcome gueſt—
Eternal progreſs, and eternal reſt!

THE FLOWER AND THE HEART.

I SAW a lovely flower
Amid dark leaves within a vaſe of blue;
And yet, though water'd with the freſheſt dew,
It ſeem'd to fade.
"What lack'ſt thou yet, O flower?" I cried:
"I have no ſun," that lovely flower replied.
I placed it in the ſun; and lo! its head
It lifted up, and ſweeteſt perfume ſhed.

I ſaw a gentle heart
Bleſt with a home, with elegance ſurrounded,
And yet though ſhow of happineſs abounded,
It ſeem'd to pine.
"What lack'ſt thou yet, O heart?" I cried;
"I have no love," that gentle heart replied.
I gave it love; and through long years of ſtrife
It ſhone my pole-ſtar o'er the ſea of life.

OLD ENGLISH LOVE-SONG.

AKE from the roſe her red,
Her bluſhes, if you will;
So you but leave her fragrant heart,
A roſe I find her ſtill.
Ay! all the dearer ſhe will be
In her diſcrownèd poverty.

Put off your high eſtate,
Your beauty, if you will,
So you but keep your loving heart,
My queen I find you ſtill.
Ay! all the dearer in mine eyes
For lacking that which moſt men prize.

TO MY WIFE.

ING on, ſweet voice! thou doſt unlock
The gate to mem'ries of paſt years,
And gently looſe the ſealèd fount
Of rare but moſt delicious tears.

How many a trancèd liſt'ner hangs
Rapt, on that frail melodious breath!
Sure ſuch the ſtrain the parting ſoul
Hears, flutt'ring 'neath the wing of death,

From angel-lips. So feels the heart
That liſtens through theſe tear-dew'd eyes,
Deeming ſo exquiſite a note
Learnt from thy ſiſters in the ſkies.

Sing on! may many a ſummer paſs
Ere time untune that voice for thee;
Setting the muſic of thy life
To ſorrow's plaintive minor key!

DREAM-LAND.

CLEAR dawn'd the morning in that fair Dream-land.
The green tranſlucent waters gently curv'd
Into a cavern cool and foam-befring'd,
That, ſcarcely ſeen, in gladſome ſparkles broke
Upon the flaſhing beach, o'erſtrewn with ſhells,
And wreath'd with many-colour'd ſea-weed, fit
To bind the brow of Nymph, or Mermaid coy,
What time the loving ſea unto the moon
Heaves upward, leaving bare the amber ſands.
Upon the right, a lordly palace ſtood,
With portals open wide; and colonnades
On jaſper pillars borne, of ample length,
And twined with creepers: opening on the lawn
That ſtretch'd its verdant terraces as far
As eye could reach, thro' tree-embower'd glades.
Along the ſhore, the palm aſpiring, waved
Its fan-like crown high in the cloudleſs blue;
And graceful undergrowths, with poliſh'd leaves,

Or feathery ſpires. Sure not on Engliſh ground
I ſtood, but rather in the gorgeous Eaſt,
Fit ſpot for captive Princeſs, houri-eyed,
Or ſweet enchantment of Arabian Nights.

SONG.

THEY told me thy face was fair as thoſe
That viſit us in our ſleep;
With a brow that was pure as an angel's is,
And eyes too bright to weep.
I ſaw thee ſmile, and my wayward heart
Could gaze on that ſmile unmoved;
But when for my ſorrows thy tears fell faſt,
'Twas then I fondly loved.

Oh gladly we welcome the young and the gay,
When life ſeems one endleſs ſpring;
Ere the flowers are faded that wreathe our path,
Or the birds that we cheriſh, take wing.
But years paſs on, and the heart returns
To its hopes and its fears again;
And the tear and the ſmile that anſwer our own
Are the links that are deareſt then.

"THE MIND IS A 'PERPETUUM MOBILE.'"

RESTLESS and wild as are the waves
That foam upon the deep:
Unchain'd and free as are the winds
That viewleſs o'er it ſweep:
Changeful and varied as the clouds
That float acroſs the ſky:
Unfetter'd as the airy birds
That wing their way on high.

Evening may find thoſe billows huſh'd
Beneath the moon's pale ray;
And catch the zephyr's whiſper'd ſigh
As it wanders on its way.
The ſtars may glitter full and bright
On night's deep azure veſt;
And birds on duſky wing flit home
Each to their lonely neſt.

But who, the throbbing breaſt within,
May chain the *ſpirit's* wings?

Who lull with ſkilful hand to reſt
The paſſions' thrilling ſtrings?
Oh! ye may ſooner bind the wave,
And bid the cloud depart:
And woo the wild bird to a cage,
Than ſtill the human heart!

SAW a boat
Upon Life's river floating bravely
forth;
Experience beſide the helm did ſit,
Whilſt Patience with firm hands the oars did ply;
And by the ſteerer's ſide I mark'd young Love
With ear attentive, and meek folded palms,
And eyes with fond devotion on her turn'd.
O happy Love! that doſt a warning take
From one who fearleſs as thyſelf, did once
Set ſail with precious freight of faith and truſt
To find them wreck'd untimely! deep engulf'd
By man's injuſtice and a cruel world.
O bleſt Experience! whoſe thorny path
Trod calmly as a martyr—hath a charm
To win the earneſt ſympathy of youth,
And nerve it for its trials! Such a balm
Heaven doth appoint for thoſe expanſive ſouls
Which, having lived for others, find at laſt
Some who to them do gladly miniſter

Out of youth's wealth, true ſmiles and willing
hearts.
Long may Experience Love's pilot be ;
And Love beſide her watch unto the end !

TOO LATE.

TOO late! too late! thou art but come
To ſee me yield this dying breath;
My bridegroom waits behind the door—
Has tarried long—his name is Death—
And I array'd in white ſhall be,
But not in bridal robes for thee;
And ſoon above me will be read
The ſolemn ſervice for the dead!

What, tears? Ah no! thoſe luſtrous eyes
Are dimm'd with precious dew in vain,
One glance from which, long months ago,
Had waked my heart to life again!
But love is ſtrong, and we are weak,
And the deep thoughts we may not ſpeak
Wear the frail breaſt that holds them faſt,
And break the burden'd heart at laſt!

Come nearer, let me gaze once more
Into the face I loved too well;
For change, though e'er ſo ſlightly wrought,
Affection's eye can quickly tell.
The high pale brow is lined with care—
A tenderer ſmile the ſweet lips wear:
Ah! if I read their meaning true,
Then thou, Beloved! haſt ſuffer'd too.

Think kindly of me, when beneath
The green and quiet turf I'm laid.
I choſe the ſpot—the weſtern ſun
Shines on it. There I oft have pray'd,
Have knelt, and wept, and pray'd for thee,
For that which now may never be;
And there, when weary months had paſt,
I found the peace I ſought, at laſt.

Thank God! His Spirit met me there,
And with my ſpirit ſtrove in love;
Until my aching wav'ring heart
Learnt to expect its reſt above.
And now I long to reach my home
Where thou one day wilt ſurely come.
Till then, if guardian angels be,
How cloſely I ſhall follow thee!

And oh! if thou ſhouldſt hear them mock
The love that lingers unrequited;
Then let my ſhadowy image riſe,
In youth and hope too early blighted.
For love unſought is often given,
As lofty and as pure as heaven;
And that at which men ſcoff and frown,
Obtains from God a martyr's crown.

The ſun is ſetting—how the red
Flames up into the gleaming ſky!
The painted curtain 'neath whoſe folds
The awful other world doth lie!
And thou wilt learn to know me there,
Where no diſguiſe the ſoul need wear;
Where they who love on earth the moſt,
Shine brighteſt in the ſaintly hoſt.

SONG.

WIND—that on perfumèd pinion
Floateſt o'er the ſouthern ſea,
Whiſper to me, whiſper truly,
If my love doth think of me.

Doth ſhe think of me when morning
Wakes the wearied earth from ſleep;
Garlanding her brow with flowers,
Nature's feſtival to keep?
Wind that on, &c.

Doth ſhe think of me at even,
When the ſilver moon ſhines fair;
And the gentle dew from heaven
Falls, like anſwer to a prayer?
Wind that on, &c.

"TO-DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE."

HOU art to-day with Him "in Paradiſe!"
Far, far removed from ken of mortal eyes,
But not from thought, to which 'tis freely given
To track thy ſpirit to its native heaven.
We ſince that hour have look'd on pain and death,
Have toil'd and wept, and drawn laborious breath:
Have walk'd the round of pleaſure and of pain,
Parted to meet, and met to part again;
The while in calm and unexpreſs'd repoſe
Of the deep bliſs that only ſeraph knows,
Thy ſoul, no longer doubting, grief-oppreſt,
Fathoms the myſteries here but dimly gueſs'd.
Thou doſt thy life as ſome vex'd dream ſurvey
From out the glorious real of "to-day,"
No ſhadow from the Paſt can cloud thy brow,
For all is one eternal mighty "Now!"

TO THE LARK.

CHEERY Lark! now ſoaring high
Between me and blue depths of
ſky,
Repeat again
That blitheſome ſtrain,
That it may haunt me when thou art not by.

Thou ſpringeſt at grey dawn to greet
The radiant ſun, with matins ſweet;
Nor doſt thou reſt,
Till in the weſt
He ſinks, full requiem'd by thy veſpers meet.

Teach me with thankful heart to wait
Thus on my God, both ſoon and late,
Who fain would be
From care ſet free,
Muſt oft be found, like thee, at Heaven's gate.

THOUGHTS AT CHURCH.

THE Preacher in the pulpit ſtands,
His voice is loud and high;
He aims the arrows of his ſpeech
To wound and terrify.

The clerk is nodding at his deſk,
The children are aſleep,
Through carvèd door and pointed arch
The evening ſhadows creep.

A little head of golden curls
Is pillow'd on my arm,
O'er the blue eyes the ſoft lids droop,
The roſe-cheek fluſhes warm.

My thoughts are with the quiet dead
That in the churchyard lie;
Where leafy trees riſe tall and dark
Againſt the amber ſky.

Cloſe to the ſouthern pathway ſtands
A raiſ'd but ſimple tomb,
Which when the hues of ſunſet fade,
Shows white amidſt the gloom.

There reſt two ſiſters ſide by ſide,
Young, much beloved, and fair;
Though parted now the houſehold band,
That met to lay them there.

Two brothers for their country fight
In Afric's burning clime;
The parents weep one gifted ſon
Who faded in his prime.

And he too fought, and nobly died,
A witneſs to the truth;
True to the Captain to whoſe cauſe
He vow'd himſelf in youth.

He warr'd with error and with ſin,
All that can harm the ſoul;
Unflinching claſp'd his ſecret croſs,
And early won the goal.

Now by the Tree of Life he ſits,
Who peace on earth found never;
Drinking with rapture unalloy'd
Deep of Chriſt's love for ever!

A pauſe, a prayer, and then a ſtir—
We follow with the laſt;
The blue eyed boy all timid ſhrinks,
And holds my fingers faſt.

We too are children in the dark,
And need a Father's hand;
But Faith will make the ſhadows clear
Senſe cannot underſtand.

THE ROSE.

Song.

TO this ſweet roſe I breathe the vows
I dare not breathe to thee;
In its fair cup I drop the tear
I would not thou ſhouldſt ſee.
On its red lips I leave the kiſs
I may not preſs on thine;
It does not ſhrink from that careſs,
Though thou doſt fly from mine!

Sure ſome faint ſtirring of its leaves
Its ſecret will declare;
The burden of a breaking heart
So lately whiſper'd there.
The bloom upon the roſe will fade,
Its graceful miſſion o'er;
But ah! the love within my heart
Springs freſhly evermore.

SHE WEPT.

NOT his the fault, and yet he left
His old anceſtral home;
'Midſt unfamiliar ſcenes and tones
A lonely man to roam.

Yet one there was, who deep at heart
His image fondly kept;
And when they told of fortune loſt,
She knelt alone, and wept!

And years roll'd on, and he return'd
To that dear ſpot once more,
And friends with welcome on their lips
Came round him, as of yore.

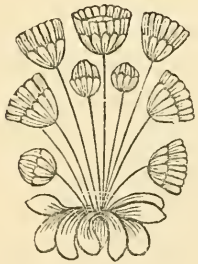
And ſhe too heard, acroſs her ſoul
Joy's mingled tempeſt ſwept;
And once again with glowing cheek
She knelt alone, and wept!

Ah ! coſtly drops ! they were not loſt,
Although in ſecret given ;
The tears that we for others ſhed
Shall count as pearls in Heaven.

LINES.

HEN I into her gentle preſence came,
A ſudden calm upon my ſpirit fell—
A huſh—as if ſome holier atmoſphere
Did there encircle me, as if the world
With all its whirl of vanity and ſin
Were by that portal barr'd, and I were drawn
Nearer to Heaven.—So this buſy life
Of leſs account appear'd, and weightier grew
The unſeen Future. She was nearing faſt
That other glorious riſing of the ſoul
That knows no ſetting, nor ſhall ever know;
And ſomething of the immortal even here
Could in her mien by loving eyes be traced.
It *muſt be*, that each upward thought and prayer,
Each word of love, and deed of ſacrifice,
Each yearning aſpiration after good,
Doth leave its impreſs on our outward mould,
Refining what is baſe, and bringing back

The image that was marr'd when Adam fell.
'Twas thus when gazing on her face, I felt
That I at Heaven's threſhold ſtood the while;
Ay! more, on holy ground, for ſhe was good,
And goodneſs doth to man foreſhadow God,
For God Himſelf is goodneſs perfected!



"THIS IS THE LAST ROSE."

UMMER'S laſt Roſe!
How doubly beautiful doſt thou appear,
Laſt of the lovely band that ſhall this year
Its ſweets diſcloſe.

Fragrant thy breath!
A nameleſs charm about thine odour clings,
And brighter crimſon on thy petals flings
On eve of death!

How deeply green
The veinèd tracery of thy fringèd leaves!
And yet thou art the laſt, and ſummer grieves
For her laſt queen.

Our human Roſes!
Thoſe that made earth a garden of delight,
Fade from us one by one, and out of ſight
Their duſt repoſes.

Summer once more
Shall ſet her colour'd gems on every bough,
And prank herſelf with roſebud wreaths—but thou,
Thy life is o'er!

But thoſe dear eyes
That, cloſing, ſtole the ſunſhine from our days,
Shall meet our own with tenderer, holier gaze,
In Paradiſe!

THE HOME-ANGEL.

SHE dwelt apart from early youth
In gentle houſehold ways;
Contented with her Mother's ſmile,
And with her Father's praiſe.
Hers was "the grace of quiet born,"
Of fancies gay and pure;
Of truſting love that could obey,
And ſtrength that could endure.

Beauty from ſimpleſt actions roſe,
And harmony from ſtrife;
So did her kindly ſpirit fuſe
The elements of life.
Hers was the hand that freely gave,
The ready ſmile or ſigh,
The cheek that true to feeling fluſh'd,
The bright and upward eye.

A ſtranger came, he look'd and loved,
He whiſper'd at her ſide;

There fell a ſhadow on her home
The day he claim'd his bride.
And well ſhe kept her vows, ſhe turn'd
The proſe of life to ſong;
But all too high that ſtrain for earth,—
And it was huſh'd ere long.

She died, ere love was fully told,
As dies a flower in ſpring;
Earth never loſt, nor heaven gain'd
A fairer, ſweeter thing.
Ay, hundreds like her live and die,
In England's houſehold bowers;
And bleſſed are the hearts that feel
"Such angels yet are ours."

OLD LOVE-SONG.

THIS is the birthday of my love,
Then vaniſh care and ſorrow!
To-day ſhall mirth and pleaſure reign,
Though grief ſhould come to-morrow.
My love draws near with airy tread,
And glances ſhy and ſweet:
Sing, little birds! above her head,
Bloom, flowers! beneath her feet.
The happy earth is *once* a year
Dreſt out in Spring's array;
But, when my lady walks abroad,
With me 'tis *ever* May.

TO BENHALL.

BLESSING reſt upon thy claſſic ſhades,
Sweet Benhall! boſom'd in luxuriant green.
Long may the cedar and the giant beech,
With lighter foliage of ſiſter trees,
Drop balmy ſhadow and refreſhing gloom
Upon thy moſſy turf! May ſummer ſtrew
With laviſh hand, blue, gold, and ſcarlet dyes
On the moſaic of the flowery beds
Where hums the bee, and flaunts the butterfly
Her wing of broider'd velvet in the ſun!
Long years to come, upon the garden wall
Set in the dark of broad and gloſſy leaves,
May the magnolia ope her fragrant ſnows,
Wooing the young airs to a treacherous kiſs
To ſee them ſwoon with ſweetneſs; and the flower
That hangs acacia-like her lilac blooms
In pendant cluſters. There, rare creepers twine
Their long feſtoons o'er wiry trelliſes,

And arching bowers, ivy-canopied;
And here the yellow mailèd robber comes
To feaſt on melting peach and luſcious plum,
Gay epicure at nature's banquet, ſpread
On bending boughs, in Auguſt's fiery prime.
Here the grey ſtone hems in the brimming wave
With priſon walls. Upon the captive's breaſt
The floating lilies pillow their fair heads
For pity, and with veil of moiſt round leaves
Shield it from noontide glances all too hot;
Whilſt o'er it ſpreads the heav'n its deepeſt blue,
And cheers its night with ſhine of thouſand ſtars.
Now let us enter. Oh how cool and dim
The light that ſteals ſubdued through opening buds
Of clematis, and woven jeſſamine,
Which through the lattice force their ſlender ſprays;
With roſes, hot with bluſhes damaſk red.
Here might the ſtudent happy vigils keep,
'Midſt works that link him to the mighty dead,
For there in ample rows they duly ſtand,
In hoary vellum bound, or ancient brown.
There too in mellow-tinted beauty baſk
The lovely viſions of the dreamy South,
Where Life is love, and Art is ever young;

Whilſt ſhadowy mingle in that ſoft obſcure
The calm creations of the colder North.
Here, wood and ivory, all quaintly carved
With rich device of pattern and inlay,
Tell of the foreign ſhore or Indian ſtrand;
Her antique vaſes diſtant China ſends,
And Sèvres the garlands that will never fade.
There ſtands, in marble wrought, the Mercury
Ever with outſpread wing in act to fly,
Yet ever lingering for the long laſt words
That never ſhall be ſpoken. Downcaſt there
The timid Venus owns her charms divine,
For ever wrapt in trance of mute ſuſpenſe.
Whence this perfume myſteriouſly ſweet?
Is it a wandering gale from Grecian iſles,
Impriſon'd in a charm'd captivity,
With tender ſigh mourning its ſunny home?
See through tranſparent doors, where freely trails,
The tendril'd vine, with myrtle interlaced,
And clinging paſſion-flower, and, welcome gueſt,
The orange, yielding to our ſterner clime
Her bridal bloſſoms and her orbèd fruit;
Whilſt blent with every brilliant hue and ſhape
The fuchſia hangs her taſſels, pearly white,
Or crimſon, with their purple inner bell.
Nor ſeats are wanting in that wide alcove,

The downy cuſhion and the low divan,
For poet-muſings in the ſpring time meet,
Or drowſy ſlumbers lulling to the tune
Of falling rain-drops from a bounteous urn
Down dripping to a baſon, high upheld
By graceful Naiads, ever thirſty-lipp'd,
Craving in vain a draught of that clear flood.
Coo on, ſweet doves! beneath the eaſtern eaves,
With whiſper'd chant, monotonous and low—
Sing on, ſweet birds! in zephyr-cradled bower,
Or laurel ſcreen,—though never more mine ear
May drink your muſic, to my lonely hours
Shall memory with her enchanted ſpell
Bring back the vaniſh'd ſtrains, tho' ye be flown.
Farewell, ſweet Benhall! oft in after years
The thought of thee ſhall ſtand 'twixt me and care;
Nor ſhall chill autumn with her withering breath
Shake from thy trees one ſolitary leaf,
Or winter froſt their branches; but for me
Perpetual Summer on the landſcape ſmile
For ever! . . . .

STANZAS.

I STOOD beſide thee—on the
morn
That I thy love did aſk and win;
How beautiful the earth did ſeem,
Touch'd by the ſpirit-light within!

I ſtood beſide thee—when deep words,
Breathed at God's altar, made us one;
And found each paſſing year increaſe
The happineſs that then begun.

I ſtood beſide thee—when thy voice
Made muſic in the houſe of prayer;
In the low tones that, always ſweet,
Sounded ſtill more melodious there.

I ſtood beſide thee—when thou gaveſt
Kind words of comfort to the poor;
And left the gift that made him bleſs
The day that ſaw thee at his door.

I ſtood beſide thee—when thy couch
Of pain became the bed of death;
Caught the laſt glance of thy dear eyes,
Felt on my cheek thy laſt faint breath.

I ſtood beſide thee—when thy form
Still as the ſculptured marble lay;
Yet wore the ſpeechleſs lips a ſmile
Death could but fix, not take away.

I ſtood beſide the open grave
When it received thy honour'd duſt;
Low in its narrow cell to wait
The reſurrection of the juſt.

I ſtood beſide the marble ſtone,
And read the brief incription there;
"Aſleep in Jeſus"—bleſſed words!—
They made me ſtrong my grief to bear.

And oh! when God ſhall call me hence
To join, through grace, the ſainted band;
May I, where time ſhall be no more,
Still at thy ſide, bleſt angel, ſtand!

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

YE hoary trees! beneath whoſe
ſacred ſhade
The Saviour of the world at mid-
night pray'd,
We feel ye eloquent in every leaf
Of His ſtrange agony, ſublime and brief.
"Father! let this cup paſs,—but if it be
Thy will, I drink—Thy will be done in me!"
The ſoul ſubdued the fleſh. The obedient word
One angel and the three diſciples heard;
Heaven ſung that ſolemn victory above—
Earth learnt the leſſon of all-conquering love.

Perfect ſelf-ſacrifice!—the only key
To life's long diſcipline and myſtery.
On this moſt holy ground ſtill ſeems that prayer
Breathed by the Son of Man to haunt the air;
Its echo lingers in Gethſemane,
"Make Thy will mine"—Father, ſo let it be!

A CHARACTER.

TRUE to her God—though full of human weakneſs,
She look'd from doubts within to help above;
Bearing long chaſtening with a humble meekneſs,
Rejoicing moſt in His great name of "Love."

True to her Church—in whoſe abundant fitneſs
For human wants, ſhe mark'd a thought divine;
And in whoſe martyr-band a glorious witneſs
To truths which through their blood more brightly ſhine.

True to her Queen—the outward bearing loyal
Roſe from the truly loyal heart within,
In all her thoughts and ſympathies right royal,
She honour'd merit, and diſhonour'd ſin.

True to her country—to its high improvement
Her time, her thought, her wealth, her name,
were given;
In ſecret aiding every upward movement
That nearer raiſed each human ſoul to Heaven.

True to her friends—their ignorance, their
failing,
She hid as ſacred in her faithful breaſt;
With charity their imperfections veiling,
She loved their virtues and excuſed the reſt.

Nor count this picture but a poet's dreaming:
Angels in guiſe like hers ſtill walk our earth;
Pray we for eyes to pierce their outward ſeeming,
And reverence betimes their inward worth.

SONG.

WE met—as friends together meet—
A gay and ſocial throng;
Why languor in the circling dance?
Why minors in the ſong?

Upon each face a ſhadow fell,
What could its meaning be?
One voice was miſſing from the ſtrain,
We pauſed, and thought of thee.

We know for thee on roſy wings
Float by the bridal hours;
Love's ſun upon thy path is bright,
But who ſhall gladden ours?
Thy face, thy ſmile, for other hearts,
In other homes will be;
Ah! therefore mingle fond regrets
With all our thoughts of thee.

"AT LEAST IT IS A WHITE FLOWER."

RING her white flowers,—let them
be drooping ſnowdrops—
Pure comes the infant from its
Father's hands;
Promiſe of ſummer bloom and autumn harveſt,
In the world-garden ſmilingly it ſtands.

Bring her white flowers—let them be opening
roſes,
For Confirmation's holy rite is near;
And ſhe will conſecrate her life's young morning,
Faith's prime—unclouded or by doubt or fear.

Bring hither now the ſolemn paſſion-flower,
The living feaſt for dying ſouls is ſpread;
And ſhe with meekeſt rapture is partaking
The ſacramental wine, and broken bread.

Bring her white flowers—the ſnowy orange
bloſſoms,
The fragrant petals of her virgin heart,
Expand to ſun themſelves in love's bright heaven,
Receiving thence the beauty they impart.

Bring her white flowers—the cold and ſpotless
lily—
Our love's laſt token ere her long calm ſleep;
It may be, glorious from that trance awaking,
A white-robed ſaint, ſhe will the lily keep.

SECOND SPRING.

TAKE theſe bright flowers! long years have paſt
Since Love and Faith breathed low their vow;
And what were buds of promiſe then,
Are bloſſoms of fulfilment now.

The children that once round us play'd
In careleſs mirth and ſimple glee,
Have ſprung to beauty at our ſide,
Green leafage of the parent tree.

Young lovers whiſper to our girls
As I to thee in days of yore;
May but their future prove as bleſt
As ours—I cannot wiſh them more.

Ay! let me gaze, though I ſhould bring
The ſoft roſe-bluſh into thy face;
Still art thou fair—Time hath but touch'd
The maiden into matron-grace.

Sure love that has endured like ours,
  May ripen to a ſecond youth;
Though gilding years that yet remain
  With leſs of warmth, and more of truth.

Then take them—meet they are for thoſe
  Whoſe footſteps paſs from light to ſhade,
To whom a radiant glimpſe is given
  Of worlds whoſe flowers never fade.

ON A PICTURE.

POOR wayworn pilgrim! with what earneſt graſp
He to the croſs doth cling! his face is pale,
And harrow'd with the ſtruggle of fierce thoughts
Within, which ſpite of beads and monkiſh cell,
Whiſper temptations to the ſin-wrung ſoul.
Sure he is happy in that he hath fled
To that ſafe refuge, ere the hand of Death
Seal up the gate of penitence and prayer;
But oh! far happier he who in his *youth*
Takes up the croſs, and lives within its ſhade,
And dies at peace with Him who died thereon.

SONG.

I LOVED thee in ſecret, I loved
thee for years—
For thee came my ſmiles, and for
thee fell my tears;
But ſorrow and ſuffering have ſhaded my brow,
And thy mem'ry is all that is left to me now.

Whilſt my ſad heart is breaking, I laugh and
am gay,
For verdure is richeſt where deepeſt decay;
But my bleſſing be on thee whene'er I depart,
Thy name on my lip, and thy love in my heart.

CLOUDS IN SUMMER.

VERY cloud doth bear a bleſſing
For ſome corner of the earth ;
Sun and ſhower bring the flower,
Ripen fruit to greater worth.

When a ſoul doth promiſe goodneſs,
Sorrow will not make it leſs ;
Rather give it greater power,
Through experience to bleſs.

Rain on yellowing wheat-ears falling,
Gives the ſheaf a fuller weight ;
Trial doth in noble natures
Wider ſympathies create.

Rain in ſpring gives ſummer bloſſom,
Sweeter ſcent and brighter dye ;
Grief to young hearts earlier teaches
Ready ſmile and tender ſigh.

Thus to human ſouls are meted
Joy and ſorrow in due meaſure;
But the heart that's pierced the deepeſt,
Ever yields the richeſt treaſure.

OLD WARDEN WELL.

WAS placed in no ſecluded ſpot,
No lonely foreſt glade,
Where quivering ſunbeams 'mid thick leaves
Light up the green arcade;
Nor e'er had hermit fix'd his cell
Of yore, beſide Old Warden Well.

The legend old, the gay romance,
Were to its fame denied;
No fairies wove the midnight dance
Around its cryſtal tide;
No wayworn pilgrim ſtopp'd, to tell
His beads beſide Old Warden Well.

Fair homeſteads round about it ſtood,
Ivy and roſe-entwined,
Whilſt on the inmates ſeem'd to reſt
An influence undefined.
The very breezes ſeem'd to tell
Of peace, beſide Old Warden Well.

And thoughts there came of Him who ſat
By Sychar's cooling wave,
And uſed the type with love divine
A human ſoul to ſave.
Thus did a holy preſence dwell
For me, beſide Old Warden Well.

The weary traveller ſtops to ſlake
His thirſt, at ſet of ſun;
The peaſants gather round the brim
At eve, when work is done.
And ſweeter ſounds the Sabbath bell
At morn, beſide Old Warden Well.

A bleſſing reſt upon the ſprings
That ſwell that fountain pure;
And on his head who raiſed the pile,
Whoſe rich reward is ſure.
For me there ever lies a ſpell
In the dear name, Old Warden Well.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

LA! what mighteſt thou have been?
A human angel fair—
Like thy ſweet Mother in her youth,
Dark eyes, and braided hair.
Learning to love and loſe and mourn
With thy advancing years,
As Time thy pathway mark'd with graves,
With ſuffering, and tears.

Ela! what art thou now? we know
There lives for us in heaven
One ſpotleſs angel all our own,
To whom our God hath given
Upon her loving Saviour's face
Adoringly to gaze;
With whom we humbly hope to ſpend
Eternity of days.

"DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIÂ MORI!"

March, 1855.

THERE is a ſpot to which our anxious thoughts
Turn ever, as a pilgrim's to his ſhrine;
Although between us and its ſea-girt ſhore
Stretches full many a league of foaming brine.

Not where Spain baſks 'neath ſhade of purple vines,
Not where Italian columns graceful riſe,
Nor on ſome ſite renown'd in ſtoried Greece,
Nor 'neath the ſtainleſs blue of Syrian ſkies.

A rock-bound coaſt upon an alien ſoil,
No beauty bids our inmoſt pulſes ſtir;
And yet it is to us a Holy Land,
Deep hallow'd by a Nation's ſepulchre.

A gallant army—England's braveſt ſons
In freedom's cauſe have fought and fallen there;
They need no tablet—no memorial ſtone—
Their names are on our hearts and in our prayer.

And not alone above the creſcent pale
Floats Britain's Lion, rampant for the war;
For generous foes are generous rivals now,
And France beſide it waves her Tri-color.

Not ſince the frenzy of the old Cruſades
Have to one cry thoſe banners been unfurl'd,
To which, perchance, the noble taſk is given,
To free mankind, and civilize the world.

The moonlit banks of Alma's willowy river
Have ſeen them conquerors in that dread ſtrife;
Spring ſhall ſtrew bloſſoms o'er the head of thoſe
Who held their honour dearer than their life.

The charge on Balaklava's plain is writ
In the beſt blood of England's chivalry;

With calm reſolve they meet the ſtern command;
They could not conquer, but they would not fly.

And men alike invincible were thoſe
Who hand to hand engag'd at Inkerman,
Compelling victory's ſtar to riſe full orb'd,
Which waned to ſetting when the fight began.

Alas! for thoſe who waſting day by day,
Kept faithful watch by thoſe beleaguer'd walls;
And vainly battled with diſeaſe and toil,
Their only ſhroud the ſnow that pitying falls.

No glorious wound, no ſoldier's death, was theirs,
Want ſlew them, and their epitaph is brief;
Their voices call us from the burden'd ground,
And England mourns them with indignant grief.

And yet, athwart the thunder clouds of war
Some ſoft'ning gleams are to the darkneſs given;
Lo! gentle Woman haſtens to diſpenſe
Mild mercy, fragrant of her native heaven.

Far from her home, her friends, a peaceful dove
Through lazar-wards ſhe glides, with kindly eyes;
Her preſence falls on fever'd hearts like dew,
The parting ſoul mounts freer to the ſkies.

Then what though weakly mann'd and tempeſt toſſ'd,
Labours through many ſhoals the Ship of State,
Her timbers are not rotten at the core,
Such ſons and daughters make and keep her great.

Long months have paſt, and ſtill with ceaſeleſs din
The hollow echoes of artillery roll;
And in the future's balance trembles yet
The fate that threatens proud Sebaſtopol.

And ſtill the hoſtile maſts are briſtling high
In Balaklava's port, and Kamieſch Bay;
And hearts beat quick, and timid hope grows ſtrong,
As ſwells the armament from day to day.

And Ruſſia's Monarch breathes his lateſt ſigh
In the fierce tumult that he loved ſo well;

His requiem by dying groans is ſung,
And booming cannon thunder forth his knell.

O white cliff'd Albion! with thy ſiſter Iſle
Set like a fair pearl in the weſtern ſeas;
Whoſe children rule like kings thro' all the earth,
Whoſe flag triumphant floats on every breeze.

What though their footprints have been track'd with blood
In the far land where hero-like they fight;
Freſh laurels from their grave ſhall wreathe thy brow,
For it is God-like to defend the Right!

STANZAS.

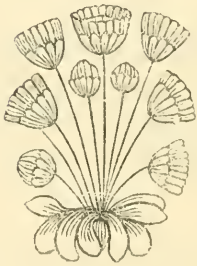
I HAVE not known her many years,
And few our words have been;
And yet ſhe reigns within my heart
For evermore its queen.

For others fall her words of love,
Her laughter and her glee;
Her woman's looks, her houſehold ways,
Sweet myſteries are for me.

But there is that upon her brow,
And in her calm blue eye,
That thrills me with a conſcious power,
Although ſhe be not nigh.

She is to me the twilight dim,
Or the firſt evening ſtar,
That, when the glare of day is paſt,
Gleams ſoftly from afar.

The ſtar may ne'er to earth be brought,
But deep within my breaſt
As in a mirror pure and true,
Her image ſafe may reſt.



DUTY.

IF thou wouldſt gain a bleſſing to thyſelf,
And thus thyſelf bleſs others, thou muſt make
A friend of Duty. She with upturn'd eye
And ſteady foot the ſtony path purſues
In whoſe perſpective ſtands her goal—the Croſs.
The thorns ſhe treads on, faſt behind her bloom
To roſes, ſhedding ſweet perfume around.
What if ſhe leave the richly glowing Weſt
With all its ſunſet pomp, for the dark Eaſt?
Do not the ſtars keep bright'ning one by one
Above her, as ſhe wends her lonely courſe?
Is ſhe not firſt to greet the riſing orb
When night is paſt?—How in that dear-bought light
She will, to Happineſs transfigured, ſhine!

ON SOME HOTHOUSE FLOWERS.

TAKE hence theſe early flowers,
Freſh breathing of the ſpring;
Too much of youth, too much of hope,
Doth to their beauty cling.
Why mind me of that bleſſed time
When hope and youth were in their prime?

There droops in virgin white
The ſnowdrop wan and pale;
And there the fluſh'd anemone,
Love-whiſper'd by the gale.
And there, with heaven's own dew ſtill wet,
The fragrant dark-eyed violet.

There, ringing painted bells,
A ſpray of crimſon heath;
And lauruſtinus, ever found
In winter's leafy wreath;

With froſted cluſters, ſtar-like ſeen
Set in a ground of duſky green.

And there the feſtive holly,
With coral berries gay;
Would that the holy thought it brings
Could ever with us ſtay!
Why ſhould pure faith and ſimple heart
So oft with childiſh years depart?

And there—but ah! the tears
Quick gather to mine eyes;
For in that dark and ſhining leaf
A hidden meaning lies.
To me its veinèd page is rife
With the deep ſecret of a life.

O Eden! where for me
The tree of knowledge grew—
That deep firſt-love! whoſe fruit is life,
Yet deadly poiſon too.
A flaming ſword doth guard thy door,
And I muſt never enter more!

Yet mem'ry to that ſpot
Doth glide, a mournful ghoſt,

Retracing with a tender care
The ſcene of bleſſings loſt.
Still fondly hovering round the place
Where firſt I ſaw that lovely face!

A REAL INCIDENT.

THE poor man bore the marks of toil,
Thread-bare and mean was he;
The greyhound had a gloſſy coat,
And came "of high degree."

The poor man ſought with mild careſs
To win him to his ſide;
The pretty creature bounding came,
He had no touch of pride.

He truſting laid his gentle head
Againſt the rugged cheek,
And upward glanced with luſtrous eyes
That could do all but ſpeak.

"Thou haſt a finer coat than mine,"
The poor man whiſpering ſaid;
"And kind hands tend thee, whilſt I earn
"With ſweat my daily bread.

" Would that my children fared as thou."
His manly head bow'd low ;
And on the greyhound's ſlender neck
I ſaw the teardrops flow.

The tale is fraught with truth for us—
Deny it if we can ;
The dog may ſhame the grace we ſhow
Unto our brother man.

THE BLIND MUSICIAN.

THE ſun is bright—he ſits alone
Within that darken'd room;
To him the day brings nought of cheer,
The night brings nought of gloom.
A little bird is warbling low
A fitful joyous ſtrain,
Awakening echoes of the paſt,
Half pleaſure and half pain.

Was it a thought of ſadneſs croſſ'd
That broad and lofty brow,
Or but a ſhadow from without?
For it hath vaniſh'd now.
Once more his fingers guide the pen,
And o'er the languid eye
That can no longer aid the taſk,
The lid droops heavily.

A ſpringing ſtep, a mute careſs,
He turns to her embrace;
His young wife preſſes to his ſide,
Her deareſt reſting-place.
Her face is pale, but not with grief,
And in her earneſt eyes
We read how ſtrong a woman's love
Warm at her boſom lies.

She draws the curtain-folds aſide,
In floats the evening air,
And wantons with her golden curls
And his dark waving hair.
Her hands prepare the ſimple meal,
She trills a ſong the while;
Or tells a tale of olden time,
And wins him to a ſmile.

She takes the dumb and precious page,
She gives it ſound and ſpeech
With the ſweet cunning of the art
That love and nature teach.
And as her fingers touch the keys,
And to his ear impart
The fine creations of his brain,
The feelings of his heart;—

And as her voice awakes the ſong
In tones ſo clear and ſweet,
They might have drawn an angel down
To liſten at her feet.
He bows his head a little ſpace,
" 'Twere worth another life
" Of darkneſs, wearineſs, and toil,
" Again to call thee ' Wife' "—

And ſhe—" I aſk no other lot
" Than this, thy light to be;
" To miniſter of all the gifts
" That God hath granted me.
" Time cannot change me to thy *heart*,
" The ideal pictured there
" By age unalter'd will remain,
" For ever young and fair!"

DREAMS.

I ROAM'D in dreams through
thoſe deſerted halls
Where whilom I a happy gueſt
had been;
But through their length and breadth in vain I
paſſ'd,
No form, no ſhadow but my own, was ſeen.

Room after room re-echoed with my tread,
I reach'd thine own, 'twas vacant like the reſt;
No tokens of thy preſence;—with a ſigh
I turn'd to weep that I was ſtill unbleſt.

Not Sleep, the ſweet deceiver, will reſtore
That face, that form, though at her golden gate
I ſue, a humble ſuppliant for the boon
Denied, that bids me waken deſolate!

O weary Life! O falſe and faithleſs Sleep!
O Memory! that mocks me as of old!
Another world the longing ſhall fulfil,
And Death confer the bleſſing ye withhold.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

" In my Father's houſe are many manſions: if it were not ſo, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

E liquid gleams of fading light,
Of opal and roſe-amber hues,
Which, when the ſlanting ſun hath ſet,
The deepening brow of heaven ſuffuſe;
Your rainbow tapeſtry is meet
For airy tread of angels' feet;
Fit threſhold for that glorious place,
My Father's Houſe!

I can but gaze with wiſhful eye
Upon a ſight ſo paſſing rare;
Half envious of the gold-fringed clouds
That float with reſtful motion there;
Whilſt through blue depths, on tireleſs wing,
The free birds ſoar, and ſeem to bring
Glad tidings from that glorious place,
My Father's Houſe!

The dazzling radiance of the ſun
Is needed not where all is bright;
Nor ſilver lamp of orbèd moon
Where neither evening comes, nor night.
The ſtars that glitter o'er our head
Are but its ſpangled pavement ſpread,
No ſhadows dim that glorious place,
My Father's Houſe!

Oh! countleſs are the manſions there
For thoſe made pure from taint of ſin,
Open its gates and wide its doors,
That ranſom'd ſouls may enter in.
There reſt the holy ſaints of God,
Who in the patient footſteps trod
Of Him who call'd that glorious place
My Father's Houſe!

The early dead, on whoſe fair locks
E'en here a ſhadowy crown was ſet;
And, ripe for change, the ſilver'd head
Mourn'd lovingly with cheek ſtill wet;
Links cloſeſt in the chain of life,
The lover, huſband, brother, wife,
Have but reach'd firſt that glorious place,
My Father's Houſe!

Oh! happy thoſe whoſe treaſure lies
Safe garner'd in the courts above;
Who yearn for death with hope as ſtrong
As for the ark the ſtorm-toſſ'd dove;
They wait for us, oh thought how ſweet!
Their holy circle to complete.
No partings in that glorious place,
My Father's Houſe!

Familiar faces on us ſmile,
Untouch'd by pain, or age, or care;
Familiar voices thrill our ears,
But no ſad under-tone is there.
The eyes we cloſed for their long reſt,
The hands we folded on the breaſt,
Bid welcome to that glorious place,
My Father's Houſe!

And there, in human form divine,
The world's Redeemer waiting ſtands,
A glory round His brow ſerene,
And print of nails in feet and hands.
Our Saviour, God's beloved Son,
Who by obedient ſuffering won
Our entrance to that glorious place,
My Father's Houſe!

With ſuch a bleſſed home in ſtore,
  Why are our faith and hope ſo low?
Rather our grateful hearts ſhould make
  A cheerful muſic as we go.
Oh joy all other joys above,
To dwell "*in ſight*" of all we love
For ever,—in that glorious place,
  My Father's Houſe!

SEPARATION.

WE are not parted from the friends we
love,
Becauſe between us rolls the broad
ſalt ſea;
Our thoughts unite us, abſent though we roam,
Our happy dreams of meetings yet to be:
'Midſt polar ſnows, in India's ſultry clime,
The links encircling ſuch yield not to time.

Parting is of the heart, and not of ſpace,
And even in one houſehold day by day
Partition walls by ſlight degrees may riſe,
And make a priſon of each mould of clay;
And thoſe who daily meet to outward ken,
May live for years eſtranged unloving men.

Many the cauſes of this mournful change;
Buſineſs or grief, a lover or a bride;
A hidden care, may be a cheriſh'd ſin,
Diſeaſe or jealouſy, reſerve or pride:

The genial ſprings of life freeze ſlowly o'er,
Ice glitters where the current flow'd before.

One balm alone there is for this great woe,—
Love God! and loving Him thou ſhalt have all;
Through every vexèd mood He ſmiles the ſame,
Though earthly friends beſide thee ſtand or fall;
Only guard well each thought and word and tone,
That the great ſin of ſchiſm be not thine own.

SONG OF THE SIRENS.

COME! Come! Come! Mariners
faint and weary,
Reſt! Reſt! Reſt! fair is our
iſland home.
Stay! Stay! Stay! Are not the black ſhips
dreary?
Fly! Fly! Fly! over the pearly foam.
Liſt! Liſt! Liſt! Hear ye the harp-tones
thrilling?
Near! Near! Near! ſweet are the melodies
ſwelling,
Far! Far! Far! echoes around are dying,
Liſt! Liſt! Liſt! Liſt to the Sirens' Song.

Come! Come! Come! dark grow the purple
waters,
Reſt! Reſt! Reſt! white hands the garlands
twine,
Stay! Stay! Stay! lovely are ocean's daughters,
Fly! Fly! Fly! clear is the roſy wine.

Liſt! Liſt! Liſt! hear ye our charmèd numbers,
Near! Near! Near! hovers night's drowſy pinions,
Far! Far! Far! lies the old land ye're ſeeking,
Liſt! Liſt! Liſt! Liſt to the Sirens' Song.

Come! Come! Come! Chief with the long locks hoary,
Reſt! Reſt! Reſt! knowledge of all is ours!
Stay! Stay! Stay! Warriors renown'd in ſtory,
Fly! Fly! Fly! feaſt in our fragrant bowers.
Liſt! Liſt! Liſt! waves o'er the pale ſands are creeping,
Near! Near! Near! ſee ye our torches gleaming,
Far! Far! Far! morning's bright chariot lingers,
Liſt! Liſt! Liſt! Liſt to the Sirens' Song.

LINES.

REVERENT gazed upon thy
placid clay,
When death had ſet the weary
ſpirit free;
And with the touching ſight the thought aroſe,
"How beautiful an angel thou muſt be!"

For thou wert beautiful in life—the face,
The form—that ſeen, for ever haunt—were
thine;
But time and ſuffering their grace had marr'd;
How now transfigured, thou above muſt
ſhine!

How marble ſmooth the brow by pain once
wrung!
How ſtill the quivering lip; and o'er the eye
That flaſh'd ſo lately with a fever fire,
How preſs the long black laſhes heavily!

And the rich maſſes of thy raven hair
  Reſt with a weight on that wan waſted cheek,
And on thy breaſt, as though in pray'r, are
    claſp'd
  The hands that ours to preſs no more ſhall
    ſeek.

Yet we with fond diſtruſt a ſign would crave,
  Would know if dear to God our loved one
    died;
But where were faith, if to his Father's arms
  We, as to ſome blind fate, the child confide?

Not ours to queſtion *why* the ſtar has ſet;
  God calls no labourer from his taſk in vain;
Death does but change the outward to our ſight,
  " All that is precious we ſhall meet again!"

THE ROSE.

"No trace of a foſſil roſe has ever yet been diſcovered."

NOT in the archives of the elder world,
That graven deep in ſtrata buried lie;
The hieroglyphics of creation's birth,
When duly ponder'd with a reverent eye.

Not on thoſe ſtony tablets is impreſs'd
Trace of thy fragile form, O queenly roſe!
Thou haſt not ſhared with nature's giant growths
Long centuries of dark entomb'd repoſe.

All freſhly moulded from the hand of God
Thou wond'ring didſt awake in Paradiſe;
And firſt thy ſnowy petals warmly bluſh'd,
Conſcious of rapture in Eve's luſtrous eyes.

Thou the ideal of the Poet art;
Emblem of love, of beauty, and of youth;

A world without a roſe! then had we loſt
A wealth of lovely types and lovelier truth.

By thee the lover's ſecret is confeſs'd,
Thy bloſſoms wreathe the fair bride's drooping head;
All noble womanhood in thee is ſumm'd,
All thoughts of grace, where thy perfume is ſhed.

And if around the grave where loſt ones ſleep
We twine thy ſprays, 'tis that we gladly truſt
That they, like thee at Spring's reviving breath,
Shall one day riſe more glorious from their duſt.

Thou wilt be blooming on, immortal flower!
When with a long laſt look, theſe eyelids cloſe;
Then may ſome kind hand place thee on my breaſt,
And whiſper ſoft—"She ever loved the roſe."

FAIRY SONG.

To the tune of "Bruder, ich und du."

N a moſſy dell,
Where a fairy ſpell
On bud and floweret lies;
Where over head
A dome is ſpread
By blue and cloudleſs ſkies;
There, when ſtars are ſhining bright,
Fairies gaily dance all night;
Lightly, lightly, flies the dance along.

In a fairy dell,
Where each painted bell
At night perfumes diſcloſe;
Before the dawn
Of early morn
A ſhadowy twilight throws;
Like the carol of a bird,
May the diſtant ſtrains be heard,
Sweetly, ſweetly, float the notes of ſong.

LOVE IN SUMMER.

IN the leafy garden,
'Neath the evening ſtar,
Hand in hand they wander,
They that lovers are.

In the weſt a gleaming,
Where the ſun went down;
In the eaſt a ſplendour
From eve's bright'ning crown.

Gloom beneath the branches,
Odours in the air,
Happy are the lovers
Wandering ſlowly there.

Night hath many voices,
None to him ſo dear
As the low-toned whiſpers
Dying on his ear.

Night hath dim revealings,
  None for him ſo high
As the true love beaming
  In that ſoft dark eye.

Night hath many wonders,
  None ſo great as this,
How their ſouls are meeting
  In that lingering kiſs.

In a ſummer garden,
  'Neath an evening ſtar,
Ever will they wander,
  They that lovers are.

THE MAGICIAN.

WEET eyes! whoſe glances haunt
me yet—
Sweet voice! whoſe tones yet
thrill mine ear—
Where can I find a magic ſpell
To bind ye to my ſoul more near?

"For memory waxes faint and dim,
And vainly tells her treaſures o'er,
As month by month the ſhadows fall
Round ſomething clear and bright before."

But whilſt in ſolitude I mourn'd,
Love, the divine magician, came;
And breathing on my heart, reſtored
The outward ſemblance to the name.

Thrill now, ſweet voice, for ever thrill!
Shine now, for ever ſhine, ſweet eyes!
Henceforth, embalm'd, ye fear no time,
For, what Love breathes on, never dies!

REGRETS.

ON ſuch a morn I told my love—
Thou wert a girliſh thing;
Freſh as a primroſe ſtrewn by May,
Blythe as a lark in ſpring.
Upon thy cheek there was no bluſh,
And in thy heart no pain;
Nought but a look of ſhy ſurpriſe;
I knew I loved in vain!

Why did I thus too raſhly lift
The ſhadowy veil aſide,
Which doth the border-land of Youth
From Life's ſtern realm divide?
Too early to thy gentle ſoul
I made the ſecret known,
As a rough hand will tear apart
The bud as yet unblown.

I cannot to that guileleſs breaſt
Its ignorance reſtore;

A change hath paſſ'd; thou canſt not be
As careleſs as before.
I only pray, that when again
The bliſsful dream is thine,
That happier love may chaſe afar
The memory of mine!

FAIRY SONG.

HY do ye hide in the morning?
Sunſhine and light breezes ſcorning:
Why do ye hide in the morning?
Fairies, oh whiſper to me!

We love the night, with its ſhadowy light,
When all ye mortals are ſleeping;
And every ſtar ſeems from afar
Like a faithful eye ſilent watch keeping.
For this do we hide in the morning
Sunſhine and light breezes ſcorning:
For this do we hide in the morning;
Mortal, we whiſper it thee.

Where do ye hide in the morning?
Sunſhine and light breezes ſcorning:
Where do ye hide in the morning?
Fairies, oh whiſper to me!

Look in the glades, 'neath oaken ſhades,
Green are our magic rings ſpringing;
Dew-pearl'd the graſs, where, as we paſs,
The bright moon her radiance is flinging.
There do we hide in the morning,
Sunſhine and light breezes ſcorning:
There do we hide in the morning;
Mortal, we whiſper it thee.

TO MY FRIEND.

EAR eyes, that, meet them when
I may,
Beam on me with a friendly ray,
Shed (if ye muſt) the unſeen tear
For loſs and trouble ſuffer'd here,
But never be leſs kind!

Dear voice, that, when my heart is ſad,
Hath ſuch ſtrange power to make it glad,
Take (if thou muſt) a deeper tone,
Remembering angels heavenward flown,
But never be leſs kind!

Dear Friend, who from thy generous heart
Doth to mine own ſuch wealth impart;
Counſel, reprove, but love me ſtill,
Forgive, forget my wayward will—
But never be leſs kind!

THE CAPTIVE'S HOPE.

THEY brought me flowers—flowers to the captive's cell!
Did it not ſeem like mockery of woe,
To call back viſions of that outward world,
Whoſe bridal beauty I no more might know?
A ray of light athwart the pavement ſhone,
And lit thoſe petals with their thouſand dyes;
They ſeem'd like friends and meſſages from home,
I kiſs'd and bleſs'd them with dim tearful eyes.

Night came with ſolemn huſh—my weary heart,
With its deep longings fever'd, own'd its ſpell;
A moonbeam quiver'd faintly through the gloom,
And ſhow'd thoſe flowers wither'd, where it fell.
Then the wild thought like hope within me roſe,
"They die and there is yet releaſe for me;
My body may for years theſe fetters wear,
But *death* ſhall ſet my untamed ſpirit free!"

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF THE REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

(Ob. Aug. 16, 1853.)

GOD will not chide our human tears
Becauſe his early death appears
A grief to laſt thro' coming years.

There was the brightneſs in his eye
Of one who felt his home was nigh,
Nor fear'd to live, nor fear'd to die.

A glance, from earth-miſts purified,
By gazing on the love, world-wide,
In and by which our ſouls abide:

A lofty forehead, genius-fraught,
Fit portal to the brain fine wrought,
The temple of all holy thought:

Thick cluſtering waves of ſoft brown hair,
Which yet a careleſs grace did wear,
Shading the outline here and there:

A cheek that fluſh'd too bright a red
For health, by too quick pulſes fed—
Too ſoon with paleneſs overſpread:

Clear eyes, deep ſet, with earneſt look
That pride and falſehood could not brook,
Which of the man true meaſure took:

Eyes that gave back all feelings pure,
Pledge that the ſoul within was ſure,
And would unto the end endure:

Lips, in whoſe eaſy flexile play
A world of hidden meaning lay;
A ſmile that cheer'd like dawn of day;

A form erect though frail and ſlight,
Of manly, yet of graceful height,
A ſtep elaſtic, firm, and light:

A countenance that could expreſs
The utmoſt depths of tenderneſs
That breaking hearts did ever bleſs:

But yet indignantly ſevere
When he of might 'gainſt right did hear,
Or weak ones led to ſin through fear:

A voice whoſe cadence roſe and fell
With ſomething of a charmed ſpell,
When eloquent of heav'n to tell;

As though ſome glimpſes he had caught
Of that "unſeen" which paſſeth thought,
And to unveil its glories ſought:

With fluttering breath that went and came,
As wax'd or wan'd the ſpirit flame
Which glow'd in that weak human frame.

And when in his accuſtom'd place
He bow'd his head a little ſpace,
There fell ſtrange luſtre on his face.

Amply the ſable folds did fall
Around him, as he fronted all
With dauntleſs mien—that young St. Paul.

He taught that men as brothers are,
Who gather to one home afar,
From ſouthern ſkies or northern ſtar.

He raiſ'd the Croſs with fearleſs hand,
He pointed to the Better Land,
With impreſs of divine command.

He bade us loſe the world, and win,
By caſting out each cheriſh'd ſin,
God's life our ſecret ſouls within.

So might we houſe a gentle gueſt,
The Comforter, in our lone breaſt,
And feel ev'n here the perfect reſt

Which follows when our will has paſt
Into our Father's will at laſt—
A Heav'n whoſe calm is ne'er o'ercaſt.

* * * * *

I ſaw the Funeral wind along,
Cloſe follow'd by a gathering throng,
One in a grief ſubdued, but ſtrong.

And women's tears fell faſt as rain,
And rough men ſhook with inward pain
For him they ne'er ſhould ſee again.

And Rich and Poor that ſolemn day,
As with one impulſe ſeem'd to pray,
Thus met, Love's laſt reſpect to pay.

Reſt now beneath the quiet earth,
Thou noble heart of golden worth,
Until thy glorious new birth!

But if a human thrill can move
Thy ſoul's ſerenity above,
'Twill be the ſight of ſo much love;

Love won by that ſtrange power that lies
In Chriſt's ſublime ſelf-ſacrifice
Liv'd out again before our eyes

In thee—the martyr early tried,
Who lov'd and ſuffer'd, toil'd and died,
Whoſe thirſt for truth is ſatisfied!

FINIS.

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